

T H E
A P P E N D I X :
A
F A R C E .

O R, T H E
S P I R I T of the S P I R I T of L I B E R T Y .

Extracted from the Works of

J U N I U S, J U N I O R,

Author of the Spiritual Magazine.

To which is added,

A R E C E I P T for making an A P P E N D I X to any
Book, after it is published and exposed to Sale.

By a Real F R I E N D to L I B E R T Y .

Sold by all the Booksellers in Newcastle. Price 3d.

MDCCLXX.



The APPENDIX, &c.

Theophilus and Philogathus alone, in the house of Theophilus.

Theoph. **A**N appendix is certainly necessary to a book; do you not intend to have an appendix or addenda to this book of ours?

Phil. Most certainly, a book without an appendix is like—it is like—I do not know what it is like—it is like a Baptist chapel without a pond in it to plunge people—or in one word, it is like nothing.

Theoph. The title page and the dedication are amazingly well contrived. The patriots—yes all the patriots will be taken in, I think we have humm'd them; who will ever imagine that there is any thing concerning baptism in a book, entitled *The Spirit of Liberty*, or a *Key to the English cabinet*. Let them take it—three shillings—yes a thousand times three shillings is—is—it is a hundred and fifty pounds. That is a pretty sum indeed.

Phil. Yes. I think the patriots will be taken in. They will imagine that our book is a defence of Mr Wilkes, or something against Lord Bute, and the King. By this means it will sell—it will sell—yes it will sell like Churchill's poems. A second edition will soon be called for—this impression cannot be more than one week in going off—nay it cannot.

Theoph. Junius Junior—that is one of the best names in England, for to set off a book. It is a true English name—one of the Aborigines. It is none of your French, Latin, or Greek derivations. It is really a Briton born.

Phil. The selling of the book—that is the main thing



thing. I think a week will do much to dispose of the whole impression—yes it will. I am an old dog at contriving names for books. Junius Junior! there is an author for you;—and the Spirit of Liberty, or a Key to the English Cabinet. That's a title for a book on the Baptism of Believers. Is it not, Theophilus? It is long since I commenced author—I know the trade of book-making—The crown of crowns—The chain of truths—The Spiritual Magazine:—These were all my contrivance.—The Jews, Sir—There is much to be had by acquaintance with them. The tribes of Israel know well how to make a book with a fine title, and not one word of sentiment in it,—nor the least connexion between the title and the rest of the book. I learned my craft from them.

Theoph. I suppose you have learned every thing from them except Hebrew;—for I heard you say lately, that you did not understand that language.

Phil. Theophilus, you must conceal this—for every one believes that I am a great Hebrew scholar; and it is the same thing as if it were so, when the people believe it.

Theoph. To be sure—but then it is not the same thing to you, Sir.

Phil. O yes! the very same thing. If a man can utter a few hard words, and conceal his ignorance under the covert of an appearance of learning, it answers the same purpose; and he may pass for a very learned man among the vulgar, if he can pronounce *Aleim*, *Elohim*, *Jehovahshalom*, *Jehovahjireh*, and be able to say *Glory man*, the whole mob will take him for a *Rabbi*. But one had need to beware and avoid coming near a Hebrew Bible, or a Greek New Testament—for that is coming to close quarters, and a man will soon be found out after that manner. I have passed for a very learned man, and a good Hebrew scholar those many years, and yet I know no more of either

either Greek or Hebrew than I do of the language of Formosa.

Theoph. Have you seen the Newcastle Journal for Nov. 17.—There is a writer of a History, who makes very free with the Spirit of Liberty, and will certainly spoil the sale of it.

Phil. I will soon do for him—you know the appendix is to be published—and there is Obadiah, who shall take him off our hand, till I finish the appendix.

Enter Obadiah and Junius Junior.

Obad. Sir, your servant—you want an advertisement I suppose.

Junius. Yes, Obadiah, you have a knack at composing an advertisement, I know. Let us have one of the best.

Obad. Let me see—There is Lord Mansfield Murray—The Highlands of Scotland—Montrose—Aberdeen—250l.—The Men of Succoth—will that do?

Junius. That's the very thing—That will do for him. Let him answer that if he can. Well, Obadiah, go on with the advertisement till I finish the appendix.

Enter Theophilus with a Newspaper.

Theoph. There's a rub for you, Junius—you ought to have known Greek some better—It is all wrong, *Βασιλειω. Βασιλικα α Βασιλειω. Βασιλειω βασιλικαζυν.* &c. That is a strange blunder—and *Cotter Mather* for *Cotton Mather*, *Bridges* for *Bruges* too—Look at that (holding a newspaper to him.) I wish you had been more cautious and more accurate.

Junius. I thought Obadiah had taken care of the newspaper affairs—Be astonished, O Heavens! I wish it may not mar the sale of the impression—*Quotations* too—*worse* and *worse*. Oh what bitterness drops from his lips—*Thus ended the King and Kingdom of the Anabaptists—But the Baptists have learned to forgive it.**

Theoph. I wish the Printer had learned so also. A
thou-

* A sentence in the Key to the English Cabinet.

thousand copies—That's a pretty sum. If the book does not sell we are fairly in the lurch.

Junius. I will make the appendix atone for all. There is Mr D—f—n, *William Murray Lord Mansfield, Sermons to Ages, The Hobby Horse, &c.* These well digested into an appendix will sell any book. I will take a quantum sufficit of each, and pound them in the mortar of falsehood, with the pestle of malice, and make such an appendix as the world never saw before.

Junius Junior and a Schoolmaster in a private Room.

Junius. Sir, your servant—I hope I do not interrupt you.

School. Your name, Sir, if you please.

Junius. My name is Junius Junior, Sir, author of the Spirit of Liberty, and the Key to the English Cabinet, Sir.

School. And what is it you want with me, Mr Junius?

Junius. If you please, Sir, I have no Greek Lexicon, Sir (*Bowes*)—I have fallen into a bit of a scrape, Sir, by printing some Greek words wrong, Sir. It is true I have abused your church, Sir—But what of that, Sir, I hope you will help me out of this scrape—There's the book, Sir.

School. It is all wrong together, I think—scarcely one word right, you have certainly never looked at it.

Junius. I took it from an old book, Sir—and I had no Lexicon, Sir, and I did not know it was wrong, Sir. I hope you will be so kind as correct it, Sir; for I mean to put it into an appendix, to shew that I understand Greek, Sir.

School. Leave the book and I shall correct it at my leisure—But it is strange you should have published what you do not understand.

Junius. Understand, Sir—I thought I understood it, and it would have passed in the Spiritual Magazine for very good Greek—But there is a troublesome fellow who writes a History, &c. who will not suffer

me to abuse him, and will let nothing pass. I only told a lie of his History, and he has exposed all my Greek, and told the public that it is all wrong. Nobody would ever have observed it if he had suffered it to pass.—But I will give him an appendix.

Junius alone.

Junius. But that Hebrew word *Tabal*, how shall I manage it. I wish I had never seen the face of it—it signifies to dip—it certainly does—well, dipping signifies to plunge—undoubtedly. Every thing that is dipped is plunged over head and ears—Did not the Priests when they dipt their fingers in blood and their feet in water, plunge their whole body? It is as plain as sun-shine. Plunging is the signification of it. It must be so. Now I think I have an appendix—But there comes Theophilus—what tidings does he bring?

Enter Theophilus.

Theoph. Well, Sir, have you finished the appendix?

Junius. Yes, yes, it is all right now, I have made the errata also, and put all in the appendix.

Theoph. Errata (God forbid) there are plenty of errors in the book already, you need not put more in the appendix.

Junius. That old book which I printed a goodly part of the Spirit of Liberty from, I wish it had been in the bake-house; for I was misled by it. This was the source of all the blunders.

Theoph. You are wrong there, Junius; for the Greek was right in that book till once you put it wrong—you should have corrected your proof better.

Junius. But I have corrected it now.

Theoph. Whose writing is that, Junius? Τε Βασιλευς, page 53—you cannot write Greek after that fashion.

Junius. You must not let any person know—I have employed a Greek master to make an errata; and now it is to pass for the work of Junius Junior. All is well now, I hope—you must not betray me.

Theoph.

Theoph. What have you employed a Greek master to make more errors in the book? That was quite superfluous when there were so many before.

Junius. They are correctæ, Theophilus, things corrected, not errors, but they are called errata, because they were wrong.

Theoph. But what have you made of the Hebrew? Have you corrected it?

Junius. You mean *Tabal*—yes, yes, it is *tertia persona accusativi singularis indicativi*.

Theoph. What do you mean by *accusativi singularis*?

Junius. I mean that it is in the third person singular of the accusative tense in the indicative mood.

Theoph. I do not understand Hebrew—but I know that there is no accusative tense in English or Latin.

Junius. Do you not know that there is a time for accusing people, *verba accusandi dandi narrandi*, &c. It is now the time for the Baptists to accuse all mankind, and *Tabal* is the accusative tense.

Theoph. But there are also *verba absolvendi*, and *docendi*; do you never make use of these rules?

Junius. No: I make use of *verba docendi Baptisandi* and *accusandi*, but never of *absolvendi*.

Theoph. But that story concerning Dr Smith might have been left out—*Doctor, Doctor! don't you never baptize no more bairns*. Some people say that is not English.

Junius. It is not English at all. I meant it for Greek, for the more negative particles that are used, the negation is the stronger—and I intended to prohibit Dr Smith from encroaching upon the priest's office.

Theoph. But it looks so like meddling with other people's affairs, and taking up reports, that I am afraid, that the public will look upon you as a busy body, who intermeddles with other people's business without the least provocation.

Junius. What think you of the appendix! *Sermons*

Theoph.

to *Asses*, *Hobby Horse*, *Mr Davidson*, *Lord Mansfield*—There's for you, will not that do?

Theoph. I wish, *Junius*, that the author of *Sermons to Asses* may not dedicate the next edition of these sermons to you; for I dare say he thinks you worthy of a dedication.

Junius. Do I preach to asses? Believers, Sir—there has been no church since the days of John the Baptist, except ours.

Theoph. You mentioned braying, Sir—that was an unlucky expression; for some people have mistaken you for an ass when they heard you speak; and that author is very likely of the same opinion, and may perhaps curry your skin, by mistaking you for an ass. You had better left him out of your appendix.

Junius. But I benoved to have an appendix at all events, and I could not compose it of nothing—The *Hobby Horse* answers my purpose wonderfully.

Theoph. You had better not interfered in the *Hobby-Horrical* manner of writing, when you have not essayed that method of composition; plunging of Christians might have served you for a *Hobby Horse*; for between us two, it is much like *Uncle Toby's Hobby Horse*. It is always the burden of your speech, sermons, and songs—and some people cannot be persuaded that you mean any thing by it; when you inscribe a false title on your book, they call Baptism your *Hobby Horse*.

Junius. Alas! the profanity of the times! what will the world turn to? O tempora! O mores!—O Temple of Moses, that's the translation I believe—the Baptism of Believers is despised, and compared to a *Hobby Horse*.

Theoph. Believers, Sir—there are many people who cannot be persuaded that you are a Believer, you are so uncharitable, you have abused Mr Wesley worse than a Heathen, and reproached almost every body.

Junius. I have proved what I have said, and I will not recede from it. Mr Wesley cannot be saved, for

be

he is no Baptist. I meant to expose him that I might cause his people to forsake him and come to our church—you see we have caught a few of them. There is art in all trades. *Calumniare audacter aliquid adherebit*—publish scandal and some of it will be believed. I have given Mr Wesley a dose of predestination, which he will not soon work off.

Theoph. You write in a very strange manner, you are always complaining of bitterness, want of candor, learning and genteelness, and yet you fall into the same error which you complain of. You call people blind, ignorant, wicked, and attribute every bad property to them, and yet you are offended at other people's freedom towards you.

Junius. The case is different; men who are justified from eternity cannot sin: Do not you know, Theophilus, that the Almighty sees no sin in Believers; this is manifested from Dr Crisp, and Mr Eaton in his Honeycomb. I have liberty to use the wicked after what manner I please—but they have no right to do so to me.

Theoph. That's a fine privilege, Junius—I wonder all the world do not turn Baptists?

Junius. That would not do either, there would be nobody then to abuse, and my writings would be useless. I would not wish that all the world should be saved—that would overturn predestination.

Theoph. But Obadiah has quite blundered that Munster affair. He has acknowledged all that the author of the History has asserted, that looks exceedingly shabby—He has given you the lie.

Junius. He shall be soundly cursed for that, I shall set him down beside Mr Wesley; bring here the book of excommunication—*Maledictus sit mingendo, cacando—in renibus, in ingiunibus, in femore, in genitalibus, in coxis, in genuibus, in cruribus, in pedibus, & in unguibus.**

Theoph. What is the meaning of all these *endos, andos,*

andos, and buses. That is certainly magic, Junius. Pray construe that passage.

Junius. May Obadiah and Mr Wesley be cursed in pissing and sh—g, in their reins, in their thighs, in their genitals, in their hips, in their knees, in their legs, in their feet, and in their toe nails.

Theoph. I could not find in my heart to curse the Devil after that manner.

Junius. They deserve it. Obadiah has quite blundered the advertisement, which may be of fatal consequence; and as for Wesley, he is an old obstinate sinner, and past redemption.

Theoph. But how did you bring in Mr D—f—n into your appendix.

Junius. That was very easily done, I can bring in any person into an appendix. Mr D—f—n said to one of his elders—*What is become of your unfortunate son?* Besides, he prayed for a blessing upon infant baptism, and said that *some people were come to the town,** was it not right to put him into an appendix?

Theoph. But, Sir, you ought to have given us a definition of the word *Anabaptist* in your appendix.

Junius. There is no such thing, there never were any such people, I am amazed at the ignorance of the people, they believe every thing the Priests say—*ana—* signifies in composition to ascend, and is applied to the Baptists because they ascend out of the water—what relation has that to Anabaptists? though we baptize people over again who have been spuriously baptized, yet that is not re-baptizing them, for their first baptism was no baptism.

Theoph. But some people think it strange to see you lay down the women *resupino* in the water, and stand over them. They think it not quite modest.

A

* These are stories which Junius Junior picked up concerning a Minister, who asked the father of a young man who had lately turned baptist, what was become of his son.

A SONG. *Sung by Mrs Diver.*

Tune. *Fye let us all to the wedding.*

HOW pleasant it is to be ducked !
For while in the water I lay,
And Junius himself stood and looked,
I thought it as hot as in May.

Sure Peggy was ne'er better pleased
When standing breast-deep in the pool,
And waiting for Pate to be teased,
Than I was rejoic'd in my soul.

The primroses, cowslips, and daisies,
That sweetly encircle the rill,
Are not half so sweet as our blifs is,
If Junius might have but his will.

The frostiest day in December,
When ice was inch thick in the well,
Was hotter than June, I remember ;
The thing that I felt I can tell.

Then, girls, come all and be ducked,
'Tis best doing things while you may ;
Hereafter there yet may be luck o't,
And that is the most we can say.

Junius. Does not this citizen of Salem sing sweetly ? That song is worthy to be placed in an appendix, it is a counterpart to that in the end of the Key to the Cabinet—It is amazing what effect plunging has upon the fair sex ? I wish our men could sing as well.

SONG. *Sung by Peter Plungewell.*

WHEN my head turned giddy with vapour,
I dreamed of nothing but Hell,
I could not tell what was the matter,
'Till once I was plung'd in the well.

But now since my nerves have been braced,
(Sure bathing is good for the hyp)
I find myself not so strait laced,
But I can make sometimes a slip.

If Peggy or Kitty sit by me,
 I find the fond urchin within
 All flutter, as soon's they come nigh me,
 And yet never dream that 'tis fin.

Sometimes a libation to Bacchus
 In liberal potations I pour ;
 And quaff of the bowl like old Flaccus,*
 And jovially spend the dull hour.

Then come, boys, all and be dipped,
 There's nothing so good in its kind ;
 Be you hypochondriac or hypped,
 Cold water will expel the wind.

Junius. Truly the citizens of Salem sing like nightingales. I would not desire two better songs if I had a whole aviary at my choice, or the Syren, or the Thrush, or the Tea Table Miscellany ; these songs are equal to the Babes of the Wood or Chevy Chase—they are in truth.

Theoph. Sir, the receipt for making an appendix.

Junius. Here it is for you.

R E C E I P T.

Write a book of 230 pages without the least sentiment in it, stuff it with as much scandal as it can hold, mixed with a quantum sufficit of false Greek and Hebrew ; be sure to abuse every person you do not like ; and if any one shall not patiently suffer you to abuse him, extract the whole essence of scandal from the 230 pages ; mix it with as much nonsense and envy as may conscionably make four pages ; carry the false Greek to a schoolmaster, and have it corrected ; paste all together at the end of the book, and it will make a very good appendix.

Junius and an Attorney in the Attorney's Office.

Enter Junius.

Junius. Sir, your servant.

Attor. Your servant, Sir, what do you want with me—your name, Sir.

Junius.

Junius. My name is Junius Junior, Sir, author of the Key to the English Cabinet.

Attor. But your business, Sir.

Junius. Your advice, Sir, the author of —, Sir, will not suffer me to deny the truth, Sir, and has mentioned my name in the N—— J——, Sir, and is like to ruin the sale of my book, Sir. I said oh what bitterness drops from his lips, I should have said his pen, Sir—and he said one A——, a B——t P——r, was come to Newcastle—He should have said Mr A——, Sir, is not that actionable, Sir?

Attor. I am afraid it is not—you are the aggressor, and you have no privilege to abuse the works or names of other men with impunity. That author was only defending his own works. As for your book I know nothing of it, Sir, and cannot give any opinion.

Junius. It is the Spirit of Liberty, Sir, and dedicated to King George—a very loyal address, Sir.

Attor. Did his Majesty grant you permission?

Junius. I did not ask it, Sir—I have a privilege as a citizen of Salem, to dedicate my book to any King, and a right to abuse him too, Sir.

Attor. I did not know that, Mr Junius—I am afraid our laws will not allow it; I know not what your laws in Salem may be; but our laws will not suffer any man to abuse another.

Junius. But the sale of my book, Sir—that author has ruined it.

Attor. Indeed, Mr Junius, I am afraid your book will ruin you if it be of that sort—can you swear any damages against that author?

Junius. O yes, Sir—I might have had all the Methodists to my chapel if he had not set forth my book in such an odious light—damages, Sir, there cannot be fewer than 500 Methodists in Newcastle, these at six-pence a quarter, would have made 50l. a year, besides the weekly collections—There cannot be less than 1000l. damages.

B

Attor.

Attor. I suppose you were sure of them all?

Junius. O yes, Sir, they were coming in fast, I should have had them all plunged in a short time.

Attor. Plunged—what do you mean by that? I do not understand you.

Junius. O Sir, I put them all into a well to wash away the sins which Mr Wesley hath brought upon them.

Attor. I know nothing of that, it does not belong to my profession. But did the author of that H—y attack you before you wrote against his book.

Junius. No, Sir, it was after; but he would not suffer me to discredit his History. I wanted to prove that John Bocold, King of Munster, was a Saint, Sir, and he has declared him to be a murderer, and the Baptists enthusiasts—who can bear that?

Attor. You claim a very strange privilege, Mr Junius, first to attack a man, and then to seek to prosecute him for defending himself—How would you like such usage in your own case? You cry out of bitterness and ill usage, when you are the cause of it yourself; I cannot really advise you.

Junius. I expected to have had 250l. at least.

Attor. I suppose you mean by the profit of your book, but from all accounts you deserve nothing—you are an intermeddling fellow, and ought to have no reward. If the laws of Salem can give you damages, you may take them; but our laws will grant none of that sort—you may as well attempt to rob a man, and then prosecute him at law because he would not suffer you to do it.—Sir, your servant.—

Junius alone.

Oh what a wretched circumstance is this,
To hate an enemy and cannot hurt him!
My bowels will burst, I'll tear myself to targets,
And inch by inch dissolve this mortal carcase.
But then my mind, Oh could I tear it also!
I should be happy: For thus to live and hate,
And not have power to hurt, is Hell indeed.
Who would not pity Satan, since he's doom'd

Still

Still to exist, and hate, but has no power
 To hurt the object of his detestation !
 The cataracts of Nile, with all the streams
 Of Jordan, cannot cool an envious soul.
 Oh were it in my power to vent my malice,
 And pour my maledictions on the head
 Of that damn'd author, I could die in peace.
 But what avails the vengeance of the pen ?
 Dull drops of ink scrawl'd here and there on paper,
 Are nothing like an hundred pounds and fifty.
 A man may bear affronts with a full purse,
 But poverty is Hell itself, and worse.

Enter Margery Prim and Dick Colops into the parlour of Junius.

Marg. I hope, Sir, you have done your business, and to your satisfaction, surely he gave you good advice.

Colops. He is a very pretty gentleman—I know him—and civil too—he stands as near the truth as his profession will allow, and sometimes more.

Junius. Those who have passed the ford with ease may praise, but as for me I'll say but little—he does not to me appear so—not at all.

Marg. The hundred pounds and fifty—has he no hopes you shall obtain that sum—or more by law ?

Junius. He rather seemed averse—and spoke but shy, and all he said was in behalf of that——

Colops. He did—who would have thought it ? but there's no trusting man—man is but vain.

Junius. There's not a race of men beneath the Sun that I like worse than lawyers—Hell gapes for them, they are damn'd by woes long since—and can't escape.

Colops. I'd care no more to cut a lawyer's whistle, Than cut the windpipe of a calf or lamb.

They're such damn'd rogues—for what they swear or say, I'd mind no more, than when a lamb cries *ba*.

Marg. They may live to repent of their ill deeds, and at the last find mercy——

Colops. Repent ! I never heard that any such got grace, and without that you know—all, all is vain.

They hold by sin and fraud like our bull-dogs at a bull's nose—and never quit their hold.

Junius. The curse of Heaven hangs always brooding o'er them, and will at last discharge like bolts of thunder down vengeful on their guilty heads, and drive them down to the regions of eternal sorrow. The liquid brimstone that made Sodom float like a Dutch dogger, and at last dissolved it, was but a spoonful to the seas of sulphur, that M—f—d and all lawyers shall be toss'd on.

Marg. And say you so—my flesh all creeps to hear, my hair stands endways at the shocking thought—and is there no salvation for a lawyer?

Junius. If such vile janglers should get into Heaven, Mine eyes should never wish to see it.—

For in a moment they would it change to Hell—
And such damn'd work there would be there, as when
That Lucifer, with his accurst brigades,
Wag'd war, and thought t' usurp the throne of Grace.

Enter Theophilus.

Theoph. I think, Sir, you must now rest satisfied with the appendix—you can do no more—it will certainly answer the purpose—the Greek and Hebrew are all right now, I hope—Come let us sing one of the songs of Salem, to drive away sorrow;—*Sings.*—

Come fill up a bumper to Junius,
And drink his good health from the soul,
A glass or two sure cannot ruin us,
Religion is best by the bowl.

Mrs. Diver, taking a glass.

Ah! this is the true inspiration,
That makes all our spirits to flow,
And drowns all our grief and vexation,
And frees us from cares here below.

I never would fear to be ducked,
If once let me quaff of a bowl;
Sure after a glass there is luck o't,
Good wine is the health of the soul.

F I N I S.

at a

brood-

bolts

, and

orrow.

like a

but a

d and

ps to

ght—

heaven,

when

Grace.

d with

certainly

are all

songs

